

STORY OF A GRAND DUKE—DUNGEONS.

(From *Harvard's Russian Press*.)
 WHEN Alexander the First—elder brother of Constantine and Nicholas—died, unexpectedly, at Taganrog, on the distant Sea of Azov, leaving no son to reign in his stead, the Crown descended, by law and usage, to the brother next in birth. Constantine was then at Warsaw, with his Polish wife; Nicholas was at St. Petersburg, with his guards. Constantine was called the heir; and up to that hour, no one seems to have doubted that he would wear the crown in case the Emperor's life should fail. There was, however, a party in the Senate and the barracks against him—the old Russian party, who could not pardon him his Polish wife.

When couriers brought the news from Taganrog to St. Petersburg, Nicholas, having formed no plans as yet, called up the guards, announced his brother's advent to the throne, and set them an example of loyalty by taking the oath of allegiance to his Imperial Majesty. Constantine, the generals and staff-officers signed the act of accession, and took the oath. Cantering off to their several barracks, these officers put the various regiments of St. Petersburg under fealty to Constantine. The first, and Nicholas sent news that night to Warsaw that the new Emperor had begun to reign.

But while the messengers were tearing through the winter snows, some members of the Senate came to Nicholas with yet more startling news. Alexander, they said, had left with them a sealed paper, contents unknown, which they were not to open until they heard that he was dead. On opening this packet they found in it two papers; one a letter from the Grand Duke Constantine, written in 1822, renouncing his rights in the crown; the second a manifesto by the dead Emperor, written in 1823, accepting that renunciation and adopting his brother Nicholas as his lawful heir. A similar packet, they alleged, had been secretly left with Philaret of Moscow, and would be found in the sacristy of his cathedral church. Nicholas scanned these documents closely; saw good reason to put them by, and urged the whole body of the Senate to swear fidelity to Constantine the First. In every office of the State the Imperial functionaries took this oath; all Russia, in fact all Europe, saw that Constantine had opened his reign in peace.

Then followed a surprise. Some letters passed between the two Grand Dukes, in which (it was said) the brothers each endeavoured to force the other to ascend the throne; Nicholas urging that Constantine was the elder born, and rightful heir; Constantine urging that Nicholas had better health and a more active spirit. Ten days rolled by. The empire was without a chief. A plot, of which Pestel, Rostovtsev, and Mouraviev, were leading spirits, was on the point of explosion. But on Christmas Eve, the Grand Duke Nicholas made up his mind to take the crown. He spent the night in drawing up a manifesto, setting forth the facts which led him to occupy his brother's seat; and on Christmas Day he read this paper in the Senate, by which body he was at once proclaimed Autocrat and Tsar.

A hundred generals rode to the various barracks to read the new proclamation, and to get those troops who had sworn but a week ago to uphold his Majesty Constantine the First, to cast that oath to the winds, and to swear a second time to uphold his Majesty Nicholas the First. But if most of the regiments were quick to unswear themselves by word of command, a part of the Guards, chiefly the marines and grenadiers, refused; and, marching from their quarters into St. Isaac's-square, took up a menacing position towards the new Emperor; while a cry rose wildly from the crowd of "Long live Constantine the First!"

A shot was heard. Count Miloradovich, Governor-General of St. Petersburg, fell dead; a brave general who had passed through fifty battles, killed as he was trying to harangue his troops. A line of fire now opened on the square. Colonel Sturlet fell, at the head of his regiment of guards. When night came down, the ground was covered with dead, and dying men; but Nicholas was master of the square. A charge of grapeshot swept the streets clear of rioters, just as night was coming down.

When the trials to which the events of that day gave rise, came on, it suited both the Government and the conspirators to keep the Grand Duke out of sight. Count Nesselrode told the Courts that this revolt was revolutionary, not dynastic; and Nicholas denounced the leaders to his people as men who wished to bring "a foreign contagion upon their sacred soil."

The Grand Duke and his Polish wife remained in Warsaw, living at the summer garden of Belvedere, in the midst of woods and lakes, of pictures and works of art. Once, indeed, he left his charming villa for a season, to appear, quite unexpecting (the court declared), in the Kremlin, and assist in placing the Imperial Crown on his brother's head. That act of grace accomplished he returned to Warsaw; where he reigned as viceroy; keeping a modest court, and leading an almost private life. But the country was excited, the army was not content. One war was forced by Nicholas on Persia, a second on Turkey; both of them glorious for the Russian arms; yet men were said to be troubled at the sight of a younger brother on the throne; a sentiment or reverence for the elder son being one of the strongest feelings in a Slavonic breast; and all these troubles were kept alive by the social and political writings of the Poles.

Two prosperous wars had made the Emperor so proud and haughty that when news came in from Paris, telling him of the fall of Charles the Tenth, he summoned his Minister of War, and ordered his troops to march. He said he would move on Paris, and his kozaks began to talk of picketing their horses on the Seine. But the French have agencies of mischief in every town in Poland; and in less than five months after Charles the Tenth fell Paris, Warsaw was in arms.

Every act of this Polish rising seems, so far as concerns the Grand Duke Constantine, to admit of being told in different ways.

A band of young men stole into the Belvedere in the gloom of a November night, and ravaged through the rooms. They killed General Gendze; they killed the Vice-President of Police, Lubowicki; and they suffered the Grand Duke to escape by the garden gate. These are the facts; but whether he escaped by chance is what remains in doubt. The Russian version was that these young fellows came to kill the Prince, as well as Gendze and Lubowicki; that a servant hearing the tumult near the palace, ran to his master's room, and led him through the domestic passages into the open air. The Polish version was, that these young men desired to find the Prince, not to murder him.

Arriving in Warsaw from his country house, the Grand Duke, finding that city in the power of a revolted soldiery, moved some posts on the road towards the Russian frontier. Agents came to assure him that no harm was meant to him; that he was free to march with his guards and stores; that no one would follow him or molest him on the road. Some Polish companies were with him; and four days after his departure from Belvedere he received in his camp, near Warsaw, a deputation, sent to him by his own request, from the insurgent chiefs. Then came the act which roused the anger of his brother's Court; and led, as some folk think, to the mystery and sympathy which cling around his name.

He asked the deputation to state their terms. "A living Poland!" they replied; "the charter of Alexander the First; a Polish army and police; the restoration of our ancient frontier." In return he told these deputies that he had not sent to Lithuania for troops, and he consented that the Polish companies in his camp should return to Warsaw, and join the insurgent bands! For such a surrender to the rebels, any other general in the service would certainly have been tried and shot. The Emperor, when he heard of the news, went almost mad with rage; and everyone wishing to stand well at Court began to whisper that the Grand Duke Constantine had forfeited his honour and his life.

Constantine died suddenly at Minsk. The disease was cholera. The corpse was carried to St. Petersburg; and the Prince, who had lost a crown for love, was laid with honour among the ashes of his race in the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

But no Gazetteer could make the common people believe that their Prince was gone from them for ever. Like his father Paul, and like his grandfather Peter, he was only hiding in some secret place; and putting their heads together by the winter fires, they told each other he would come again.

In the year of emancipation (1861) a man appeared in the province of Penza, who announced himself not only as the Grand Duke, but as a prophet, a leader, and a messenger from the Tsar. He told the people they were being deceived by their priests and Lords; that the Emperor was on their side, that the Emancipation Act gave them the land without purchase and without any change, and that they must support the Emperor in his design to do them good. A crowd of peasants, gathering to his voice, and carrying a red banner, marched through the villages, crying death to the priests and nobles. General Dreniakine, aide-de-camp of the Emperor, a prompt and confidential officer, was sent from St. Petersburg against the Grand Duke, whom in his proclamation he called Egoroff; and after a smart affair, in which eight men were killed and twenty-six badly hurt, the peasants fled before the troops. The Grand Duke was suffered to escape; and nothing more has been heard of him, except an official hint that he is dead.

What wonder that a credulous people fancies the hero of such adventures may be still alive?

In every country which has virtue enough to keep the memory of a better day, the popular mind is apt to clothe its hopes in this legendary form. In England, the Commons expected Arthur to awake; in Portugal they expected Sebastian to return; in Germany they believed that Barbarossa sat on his lonely peak. Masses of men believe that Peter the Third is living, and will yet resume his throne.

Before landing in the Holy Isles, I gave much thought to this mystery of the Grand Duke, and nursed a very faint hope of being able to resolve the spectre into some mortal shape.

DUNGEONS.

My mind being full of this story, I keep an eye on every gate and trap that might lead me either up or down into a prisoner's cell. My leave to roam about the convent yards is free; and though I am seldom left alone, except when lodged in my private room, some chance of loitering round the ramparts falls in my way from time to time. The monks retire about 7 o'clock, and as the sun sets late in the summer months, I stroll through the woods and round by the Holy Lake, while Father John is laying out his supper of cucumbers and sprats. Sometimes I get a peep at strange places while the fathers are at mass.

One day when strolling at my ease, I come into a small court-yard, which my clerical guides have often passed by, a flutter of wings attracts me to the spot, and, throwing a few crumbs of bread on the ground, I am instantly surrounded by a thousand beautiful doves. They are perfectly tame. Here, then, is that colony of doves which the Archimandrite told his people were not disturbed by the English guns; and looking at the tall buildings and the narrow yard, I am less surprised by the miracle than when the story was told me by the monks. Lifting my eyes to the eaves from which these birds came fluttering down, I see that the windows are barred, that the door is strongly bound. In short, this well masked edifice is the convent gaol; and I flash on me quickly that behind these grated frames, against which the doves are pecking and cooing, lies the mystery of Solovetsk.

In going next day round the Convent-yards and walls with my two attending fathers, dropping into the grass-house, the school, the dyeing-room, the tan-yard, and the weavers' tower, I lead the way, as if by merest chance, into this pigeons' court. Referring to the Archimandrite's tale of the doves, I ask to have that story told again. Hundreds of birds are cooing and coying on the window-sills, just as they may have done on the eventful feast of our Lady of Kazan. "How pretty these doves! What a song they sing!"

"Pigeons have a good place in the convent," says the father at my side. "You see we never touch them; doves being sacred in our eyes, on account of that scene on the Jordan, when the Holy Ghost came down to our Lord in the form of a dove."

"They seem to build by preference in this court."

"Yes, it is a quiet corner; no one comes into this yard; yon windows are never opened from within."

"Ah! this is the convent prison?"

"Yes; this is the old monastic prison."

"Are any of the Fathers now confined in the place?"

"Not one. We have no criminals at Solovetsk."

"But some of the Fathers are in durance, eh? For instance, where is that monk whom we brought over from Archangel in disgrace? Is he not here?"

"No; he has been sent to the Desert near Striking Hill."

"Is that considered much of a penalty?"

"By men like him, it is. In the Desert he will be alone; will see no women, and get no

"Let us go up into this prison and see the empty cells."

"Not now?" I am curious about old prisons, especially about church prisons; and can tell you how the dungeons of Solovetsk would look inside those of Seville, Antwerp, and Rome."

"We cannot enter; it is not allowed."

"Not allowed to see empty cells? Were you not told to show every part of the convent? Is there a place into which visitors must not come?"

The two Fathers step aside for a private talk, during which I feed the pigeons and hunt a tune.

"We cannot go in there,—at least to-day."

"Good!" I answer in a careless tone. "Get leave, and we will come this way to-morrow. Stay; to-morrow we sail to Zakh. Why not go in at once and finish what we have yet to see down here?"

They feel that time would be gained by going in now; but, then, they have no keys. All keys are kept in the guard-room, under the lieutenant's eyes. More talk takes place between the monks; and doubt on doubt arises as to the limit of time, and the visitor hums a tune, and throws more crumbs of bread among the doves, who frisk and flutter to his feet, until the windows are left quite bare. A Father passes into the house, is absent some time, returns with an officer in uniform carrying keys. While they are mounting steps and opening doors, the pilgrim goes on feeding doves, as though he did not care one whit to follow and see the cells. But when the doors roll back on their rusty hinges, he carefully follows his guides up the prison steps. The first floor consists of a long, dark corridor; underground, ten or twelve vaults arranged in a double row. These cells are dark and empty. The visitor enters them one by one, pokes the wall with his stick, and strikes a light in each, to be sure that no one lies there unobserved; telling the officers and the monks long years ago underground vaults and wells, in Antwerp, Rome, and Seville. Climbing the stairs to an upper floor, he finds a sentinel on duty pacing a strong anteroom; and feels that here at least some prisoner must be kept under watch and ward. An iron-bound door is now unlocked, and the visitor passes with his guides into an empty corridor with cells on either side; corresponding in size and number with the vaults below. Every door in that corridor, save one, is open. That one door is closed and barred.

"Some one is there?"

"No one?" says the father; but in a puzzled tone of voice, and looking at the officer with inquiring eyes.

"Well, yes, a prisoner," says that personage.

"Let us go in. Open the door."

Looking at the monks, and seeing no sign of opposition on their part, the soldier turns the key; and as we push the door back on its rusty hinge, a young man, tall and soldierlike, with long black beard and curious eyes, springs up from a pallet, and, snatching a coverlet, wraps the loose garment round his all but naked limbs.

"What is your name?" the visitor asks, going in at once and taking him by the hand.

"Pushkin," he answers softly, "Adrain Pushkin."

"How long have you been confined at Solovetsk?"

"Three years; about three years."

"For what offence?"

He stares in wonder, with a wandering light in his eye that tells his secret in a flash.

"Have you been tried by any court?"

The officer interferes; the sentinel on guard is called, and we are huddled by the soldiers—doing what they are told—from the prisoner's cell.

"What has he done?" I ask the fathers, when the door is slammed upon the captive's face.

"We do not know, except in part. He is condemned by the holy governing Synod. He denies our Lord." More than this could not be learned.

"A mad young man," sighs the monk; "he might have gone home long ago; but he would not send for a Pope, and kiss the cross. He is now of better mind, if one can say he has any mind. A mad young man."

There is yet another flight of steps. "Let us go up and see the whole."

We climb the stair, and find a second sentinel in the second ante-room. More prisoners, then, in those upper rooms! The door which leads into the corridor being opened, the visitor sees that the cells are empty, and the doors ajar in every case but one. A door is locked, and in the cell behind that door they say an old man lodges, a prisoner in the convent for many years.

"How long?"

"One hardly knows," replies the monk; "he was here when most of us came to Solovetsk. He is an obstinate fellow; quiet in his ways, but full of talk, he worries you to death, and you can teach him nothing. More than one of our Archimandrites, having pity on his case, have striven to lead him into a better path. An evil spirit is in his soul."

"Who is he?"

"A man of rank; in his youth an officer in the army."

"Then you know his name?"

"We never talk of him; it is against the rules. We pray for him, and such as he is; and he needs our prayers. A bad Russian, a bad Christian, he denies our holy Church."

"Does he ever go out?"

"In winter, yes; in summer, no. He might go to mass; but he refuses to accept the boot, and he does not worship God aright; he thinks himself wiser than the Holy Governing Synod—he! But in winter days, when the pilgrims have gone away, he is allowed to walk on the rampart wall attended by a sentinel to prevent his flight."

"Has he ever attempted flight?"

"Attempted! Yes; he got away from the convent; crossed the sea; went inland and we lost him. If he could have held his peace he might have been free to this very hour; but he could not hold his tongue; and then he was captured and brought back."

"Where was he taken?"

"No one knows. He came back, pale and worn. Since then he has been guarded with greater care."

Here, then, is the prisoner whom I wish to see; the spectre of the wall; the figure taken for the prince; the man in whom centres many of the hopes. "Open the door." My tone compels the Archimandrite's house. A party of the officers and monks takes place, ending, after much ado, in the door being unlocked (to save them trouble) and the whole party passing into the prisoner's cell.

An aged, handsome man, like Kosuth in appearance, starts astonished from his

"It would seem, to such

few locks, a pallet bed, are the only furnishings of his room, the window of which is filled and crossed with iron, and the sill is pattered with dirt of doves. A table holds scraps of books and journals—the prisoner being allowed, it seems, to receive such things from the outer world, though he is not permitted to send out a single line of writing. Pencils and pens are banished from his cell. Talk, upright, spare, with the bearing of a soldier and a gentleman, he wraps his cloak round his shoulder and comes forward to meet his unexpected guests. The monks present me in form as a visitor visiting Solovetsk, without mentioning to himself, as it were, like one who is trying to read a dream. I put the question again—"Is this in German. Then he faintly smiles, a brighter starting in his eye. "Excuse me, sir," he sighs, "I have forgotten most things, even the use of speech. Once I spoke French easily. Now I have all but forgotten my mother tongue."

"You have been here for years?"

"I have been here long."

Flushing his head in a feeble way, he mutters to himself, as it were, like one who is trying to read a dream. I put the question again—"Is this in German. Then he faintly smiles, a brighter starting in his eye. "Excuse me, sir," he sighs, "I have forgotten most things, even the use of speech. Once I spoke French easily. Now I have all but forgotten my mother tongue."

"You have been here for years?"

"Yes, many. I wait upon the Lord. In his own time my prayer will be heard and my deliverance come."

"You must not speak with this prisoner," says the officer on duty; "no one is allowed to speak with him." The lieutenant is not unkind, but he stands in a place of trust, and has to think of duty to his colonel before he can dream of courtesy to his guest.

In a moment we are in the Pigeons' Court; the iron gates are locked, the birds are fluttering on the eaves, and the prisoners are alone once more.

THE ASTONISHING GROWTH AND FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

(From the *New York Herald*.)

THE progress of the United States has no parallel in the history of nations. Nothing has been seen comparable to it either in material development or in moral power. Less than a century ago there were but two to three millions of people, then forming remote dependencies of a monarchical and European Power. Now the republic has a population of forty millions or more. For a long time even after the independence of the country was established the settled portion of it did not extend west of the Alleghany Mountains, except through a few little bands of pioneers mostly engaged in the Indian and fur trade. Though a few sagacious statesmen had some scintillations of light as to what the country might become in the distant future, no one realised its rapid and wonderful growth. The stream of immigration from the Old World was steady in former times, it is true; but that was slow, and of course the natural increase of population could not within so short a time make the mighty empire we now see. Still the American statesmen of the early days of the republic began to lay the foundations of a continental republicanism. The acquisition of Louisiana was a great event, and the first one to carry the people in large numbers to the immense and rich valley of the Mississippi. This was really the initial step to our wonderful territorial expansion and development. The ambition and national pride of our people received a powerful stimulus in that. The acquisition of Florida, of Texas, of California, of New Mexico and Arizona, and of Alaska was but the sequel of that act, and followed the natural law of our development.

But now agencies began to work in the course of time to increase the population of the United States and to spread it over the Continent from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific. The wonderful natural wealth, variety of products, cheap lands, free republican institutions, and a glorious future, attracted the people of all nations from the Old World. A vast stream of immigration poured in and cultivated the soil, built up cities and made the wilderness blossom as a rose. The redundant population of Europe, with the poverty, tyranny, and political troubles there, increased the volume of this immigration from year to year, and it continues to swell more and more. Here was the home of the oppressed and poor, and here they could find a welcome and abundance. There is not a village or hamlet in Europe where this fact is not known. Then came these mighty agencies of modern civilisation and science—the Press, steam power, and the magnetic telegraph—to increase knowledge, facilitate communication, and to inspire admiration for this great republican and conglomerate representative nation of the world. The late war startled mankind with the wonderful power and resources of the republic. It revealed the fact, of which we were hardly conscious ourselves before, that the United States is really the most powerful nation on the globe, and as regards foreign nations absolutely impregnable. Within the course of a few years railroads and telegraphs have covered like network the vast area of the interior and have spanned the Continent over a distance of thousands of miles. A national debt of enormous magnitude, created in four or five years, that would have overwhelmed any other nation under such circumstances, is to be comparatively a bagatelle, and is now being paid off at the rate of nearly a hundred millions of dollars a year. Such progress, such wealth and resources, and such power have never been known before.

All this, however, glorious as it is, only foreshadows the mighty future of the republic. By the natural increase of population, and the enormous stream of immigration we shall have, probably, in thirty or thirty-five years, a hundred millions of people. The augmentation of wealth will be still greater. Whatever difficulties we may labour under at present with regard to the development of our mercantile marine, commerce, and naval power, we have such resources, such a geographical position, and such harbours and vast seaboard, that we must become the first maritime and commercial nation. Nothing can prevent this. And what is thirty years in the life of a nation or in history? Other nations may and perhaps will advance under the new and progressive dispensation of modern science; but relatively have not the resources and means that we have. Already we see the moral influence of American ideas and institutions upon Europe and the rest of the world, and the time is not distant when this country will control indirectly, if not directly, the destinies of mankind. There is but one thing we need, and that is, statesmen who can comprehend the position we occupy and the glorious future before us. Instead of being bound by the precedents of the Old World or of the past we should strike out a policy for ourselves in consonance with our destiny.

that Europe has placed upon us and assert our manhood. It is our destiny to give the law to nations, for the people everywhere are with us, and there is no use of resistance, if we be wise, to the moral and political power we may exercise. As to the affairs and interests of the American Continent, this republic can do as it wishes, and no one will presume to interfere.

RAILWAY.

From 1st July, 1870.

GREAT SOUTHERN, WESTERN, AND DOWN TRAINS.

Sydney to Parramatta, Richmond, Bowenfels, Wallerawang, and Intermediate Stations.

STATIONS.	1	2	3	4	5	6
Sydney .. Departure	6.45	8.35	8.50	10.15	1.15	2.15
Newtown ..	6.51	8.41	8.56	10.21	1.21	2.21
Parramatta ..	7.01	8.51	9.06	10.31	1.31	2.31
Blacktown ..	7.11	9.01	9.16	10.41	1.41	2.41
Bowenfels ..	7.21	9.11	9.26	10.51	1.51	2.51
Richmond ..	7.31	9.21	9.36	11.01	2.01	3.01
Wallerawang ..	7.41	9.31	9.46	11.11	2.11	3.11
Sydney .. Arrival	7.51	9.41	9.56	11.21	2.21	3.21
Parramatta ..	8.01	9.51	10.06	11.31	2.31	3.31
Blacktown ..	8.11	10.01	10.16	11.41	2.41	3.41
Bowenfels ..	8.21	10.11	10.26	11.51	2.51	3.51
Richmond ..	8.31	10.21	10.36	12.01	3.01	4.01
Wallerawang ..	8.41	10.31	10.46	12.11	3.11	4.11
Sydney ..	8.51	10.41	10.56	12.21	3.21	4.21

SYDNEY TO RICHMOND.

STATIONS.	1	2	3	4	5	6
Sydney .. Departure	6.45	8.35	8.50	10.15	1.15	2.15
Parramatta ..	6.51	8.41	8.56	10.21	1.21	2.21
Blacktown ..	7.01	8.51	9.06	10.31	1.31	2.31
Richmond ..	7.11	9.01	9.16	10.41	1.41	2.41
Sydney .. Arrival	7.21	9.11	9.26	10.51	1.51	2.51

SYDNEY TO WALLERAWANG.

STATIONS.	1	2	3	4	5	6
Sydney .. Departure	6.45	8.35	8.50	10.15	1.15	2.15
Parramatta ..	6.51	8.41	8.56	10.21	1.21	2.21
Blacktown ..	7.01	8.51	9.06	10.31	1.31	2.31
Wallerawang ..	7.11	9.01	9.16	10.41	1.41	2.41
Sydney .. Arrival	7.21	9.11	9.26	10.51	1.51	2.51

SYDNEY TO GOULBURN.

STATIONS.	1	2	3	4	5	6
Sydney .. Departure	6.45	8.35	8.50	10.15	1.15	2.15
Parramatta ..	6.51	8.41	8.56	10.21	1.21	2.21
Blacktown ..	7.01	8.51	9.06	10.31	1.31	2.31
Goulburn ..	7.11	9.01	9.16	10.41	1.41	2.41
Sydney .. Arrival	7.21	9.11	9.26	10.51	1.51	2.51

SYDNEY TO SYDNEY.

STATIONS.	1	2	3	4	5	6
Sydney .. Departure	6.45	8.35	8.50	10.15	1.15	2.15
Parramatta ..	6.51	8.41	8.56	10.21	1.21	2.21
Blacktown ..	7.01	8.51	9.06	10.31	1.31	2.31
Sydney .. Arrival	7.11	9.01	9.16	10.41	1.41	2.41

RICHMOND TO SYDNEY.

STATIONS.	1	2</
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THIS DAY, FRIDAY, 29th JULY.

CITY, SUBURBAN, and COUNTRY
PROPERTIES,
at the Rooms, Pitt-street, at 11 o'clock, for half-past 11
o'clock PROMPT.
BY ORDER of the GOVERNMENT.
GOVERNMENT. SALE. ST. JOHN'S. ROAD.

GLEBE.—Six Allotments, each 66 feet frontage, adjoining the Church of England Parsonage. Upset price, £2 10s per foot.

SPRING-STREET.—Land and Premises, Spring-street, between Messrs. Brown and Co.'s and Messrs. D. Cohen and Co.'s, and containing the Offices and Store occupied by Messrs. Keble and Co., Messrs. J. Black and Co., and others.

SPRING-STREET.—Block of Land, Spring-street, immediately opposite Gresham-street, together with the buildings thereon, formerly known as the Captain

NEWTOWN.—Shop and Dwelling, Newtown Road, between Whately's Coach Factory and Pearce's Saddler's Shop.

MANNING RIVER.—An Agricultural and Grazing Estate of 2660 Acres, Lewis's Grant, Dawson River, near Cunderduna.

FORT MACQUARIE.—Norton's Grant of 1267½ Acres, Hastings River, between Spencer's and Waterlow's farms.

RICHARDSON and WRENCH.
 THIS DAY.
I M P O R T A N T C I T Y S A L E.
 LOT 1.—OFFICES AND STORES, SPRING-STREET, about 63 feet frontage, adjoining the business premises of Messrs. Brown and Co., at the corner Pitt-street.
 LOT 2.—Large Block of Land 76 feet frontage to Pitt-

street, immediately opposite Gresham-street, together with the premises formerly known as the Captain Cook Hotel.

Both these valuable city properties will be absolutely sold **THIS DAY**, at the Rooms, Pitt-street, at 11 o'clock for half-past 11 o'clock sharp.

Plans at the Rooms.

RICHARDSON and WRENCH.

MANNING RIVER.

DURBANRAH

RICHARDSON and WRENCH have received instructions from the proprietor to sell by public auction, at the Rooms, Pitt-street, Sydney, **THIS DAY, 29th July,** at 11 o'clock, The above very valuable estate, adjoining Hart's

15,000 acre block, at Undinetown, Manning River.

TITLE unquestionable, full particulars of which can be obtained on application to **W. W. Bilyard, Esq., solicitor, Hunter-street, Sydney.**

Plan on view at the Rooms.

Terms at sale.

**In the Estate of the late
W. T. CAPE, Esq.**

**SPRING-STREET,
CITY OF SYDNEY.**

LARGE BLOCK OF LAND, with EXTENSIVE FRONTAGE TO SPRING-STREET, immediately opposite Gresham-street, together with the House and other Buildings adjoining, formerly known as the Captain Cook Hotel.
In one or three lots.

RICHARDSON and WRENCH have received instructions to sell by public auction, at the Rooms, Pitt-street, **THIS DAY, 29th July, at 11**

SPRING-STREET.
CITY OF SYDNEY.
LOTS 2, 3, and 4 have each from 20 to 30 feet frontage to Spring-street, on portion of which are these premises formerly occupied as the Captain Cook Hotel.

* 2 These lots occupy a very valuable business position in the city, immediately opposite Gresham-street, leading down to the Circular Quay, and close to Hunter, Pitt, and George streets, the Banks, and the principal mercantile establishments. An site for first-class premises for a store and a public house.

the only eligible site vacant in this important locality.
Plans may be executed and further information obtained on application at the Rooms.
This may be inspected and particulars obtained on application to A. J. COLE, Esq., solicitor, Pitt-street.
Terms at sale.

NEWTOWN.

**SHOP AND DWELLING, NEWTOWN ROAD, between
WHATELY'S COACH FACTORY and PHARCE'S
SADDLER'S SHOP.**

TITLE--TORREN'S ACT.

RICHARDSON and WRENCH have received instructions from Mr. John Webster to sell by public auction, at the Rooms, Pitt-street, THIS DAY, 29th July, at 11 o'clock.

ALL THAT ALLOTMENT OF LAND having 34½ frontage to the NEWTOWN ROAD, with a depth on one side of 107 feet, and 136 feet on the other, and 34½ feet frontage to a lane at the rear. On the

NEWTON Road are erected those BUSINESS PREMISES now in the occupation of Mr. STORM, containing shop, six rooms, and kitchen, with stable, shed, good yard, &c., at the rear.

* * This property is in the centre of the business portion of Newtown, and can be recommended as a remunerative and paying investment.

Plan on view at the Rooms.
Terms at sale.

CAPITAL CITY INVESTMENT.

Large Block of LAND and BUSINESS PREMISES in
SPRING-STREET,
lying between the properties belonging to Messrs.
Brown and Co., and Messrs. David Cohen and Co.,
and containing the
OFFICES and STORES
now in the occupation of Messrs. Kools and Co.,
Messrs. John Black and Co., and others.

Preliminary Notice.

RICHARDSON and WRENCH have re-

received instructions to sell by public auction, at the Rooms, Pitt-street,
THIS DAY, the 29th JULY instant,
at 11 o'clock,
All that piece of land having 64 FEET FRONTAGE TO SPRING-STREET, near the corner of Pitt-street, on which are erected those SUBSTANTIAL STONE and BRICK BUILT PREMISES, comprising STORES, CELLAR, and OFFICES, occupied by Messrs. KEELE and CO., Messrs. JOHN BLACK and CO., and others.

This property occupies a first-class position in the centre of the business part of the city, and the sale affords one of those rare opportunities for securing a STERLING PERMANENT INVESTMENT, which should not be neglected.

Terms at sale.

ON MONDAY NEXT.

PEREMPTORY SALE.

BY ORDER OF THE MORTGAGEE.

That commodious, first-class, family residence, *the View Villa*, with large block of land, having upwards of 70 feet frontage to the South Head Road (a few feet from Beathan, the residence of W. Perry, Esq.), with a depth of about 250 feet. The site is one of the finest in Paddington, commanding magnificent harbour views.

RICHARDSON and WRENCH.
NOTICE.
A Splendid Farm on the Hawkesbury.

W. HOPKINS has received instructions to sell by public auction, at the **Fitzroy Hotel, Windsor, on SATURDAY, the 30th instant, at 2 p.m.**

All that parcel of land known as **Hudson's Farm**, comprising about **sixty-five acres** of the richest agricultural land in the district, all securely fenced, and at present occupied by **Mr. B. Conlan**, situated at **Pitt Town Bottoms**, adjoining the farm of **Mr. C. May** on the one side, and **Willow** on the other.

On the above are erected a snug and substantial weather-board cottage of four rooms, with loft; a large four-

born, with granary, capable of storing a thousand bushels of grain; also, a large stable with doored loft, capable of holding two thousand bushels, and a corn shed, with every other convenience for carrying on farming pursuits. To the homestead is attached a splendid orchard, containing sixty orange trees, in full bearing, and other trees.

The above offers a safe investment for the capitalist, or other person as the look-out for a comfortable and profitable home, and is for positive sale FOR CASH.

For further particulars apply to the Auctioneer.

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